

I am reminded very forcibly of an interview which I once had with the martyr President by reading in the Editor's Drawer of your Magazine what one of your correspondents relates in regard to a similar interview. I called upon Mr. Lincoln soon after he was first installed in the White House. In the room where Mr. Lincoln gave his interview, etc., were several persons who were waiting their turn to speak with him. I listened to the requests of several men and women, and I saw that very few were granted what they solicited. I had a seat at or near one end of a long table. Mr. Lincoln sat at the other end. Soon after I was seated, in walked several officers in the Spanish navy to pay their compliments to Mr. Lincoln. By some means they were directed toward my end of the table, and I saw they took me for the President. Mr. Lincoln saw the same thing, and hastily signaled me to go "ahead," as he expressed it, and receive them. I rose, shook hands with each officer, and exchanged a few words with them, which would have been, I suppose, appropriate, had I indeed been President. The moment their backs were turned I looked toward Mr. Lincoln. He was shaking with laughter. I thought now I had paved the way to win the position I had come to ask. I made up my mind to address the President in a new way, thus add to the bold I already had upon him. So, when my time came, I stepped up to Mr. Lincoln and said,

"Sir, I have seen the annoyance to which you are subjected by so many and often-repeated requests for innumerable positions, etc. Now if you will permit me to shake hands, I will try and smother my desire for a certain position which I had to ask from you."

Mr. Lincoln jumped up, and grasping my hand, said,

"Sir, you are one man in a thousand. I am doubly indebted to you. You have been the means of conveying to those Spanish officers that the President of the United States is a very handsome man, and then you do not even ask an office. But," he added, "hurry home. You may repeat."

It is sufficient to add that I hurried home.

To Wash Fiancée Without Shrimps.

I had worn red flannel long enough to have been thoroughly persuaded that all warrant not to shrink are humbugs, and that all washerwoman's recipes for keeping it from doing so are delusions. I had resigned myself to the inevitable, and learned to take as a matter of course, the gradual tightening and hardening of my underclothes. What a surprise, then, has been my last set! Almost worn out, and yet soft as when put on. When aware of the fact, I inquired of my better seven-eighths the cause of the wonder, and learned what I can not keep to myself, and must ask you to make better known. To keep flannels from shrinking, use Warfield's cold water soap; soak the clothes in good cold suds during an hour or more; rub only the soiled parts, and rinse well in cold water; by moving the clothes about, and, without any wringing, hang up full length to drip and dry. The whole secret lies in washing with a soap that will thoroughly cleanse without the use of hot water and much rubbing. A felt hat is made from large sheets of lightly carded wool by merely dipping in boiling water and diligently rubbing the folded material. Every approach to this mode of treatment will in time make the softest flannel like a board. —[Red Shirt], in Country Gentleman.

In some recent investigations upon the question of the direction of the excitation of the nerves of sensibility, by Mr. Bert, a curious experiment was tried by him in regard to grafting the tail of a rat. He removed a portion of the cuticle from a tip of the tail, and inserted this in an incision in the skin of the back, and on keeping the two surfaces in apposition for a considerable time they grew together, the result being a rat with a decided handle to his tail. The object was to determine whether sensation could be transmitted in a direction opposite to its normal course. This problem was solved by cutting the tip of the tail in two, and pinching the end of the terminal portion, when the rat immediately raised a cry expressive of pain, and fled. In a few days, however, this sensibility ceased by alteration of the nerves; but the sensibility of the stump end of the tail continued without change.

*Time in Agriculture.*

Pure lime, where it is not mingled with clay, sand, and other organic and inorganic substances, consists of the oxide of the metallic element calcium, and, entering into the composition of all plants, must occupy a large place in Nature's laboratory. It has an affinity for water and carbonic acid; when applied to the land it absorbs water, forming hydrate of lime; this hydrate then absorbs carbonic acid, so that lime, although applied to the land in the caustic state, really exists, shortly after its application, in the form of carbonate, along with a little sulphate and phosphate, as well as with many other salts.

Lime has for a long time been used as a fertilizer; when land previously unworked is brought into cultivation, or when worn-out pasture land is broken up, lime is generally applied. It affects chiefly the vegetable matter contained in the soil, promoting its decomposition, and thus rendering it available as plant food. We, however, find its action important on some of the mineral constituents decomposing insoluble silicates, the result being soluble.

A woman has lately been found in a secluded cave near Udine, Italy, who has been imprisoned there thirty-three years. In 1844, she became attached to an Austrian officer, but her father, a violent hater of the Austrians, who at that time were in possession of that part of Italy where he resided, refused his consent to a marriage. The girl stated that she should then marry without his permission. He dissuaded her anger, and, during a walk in which he accompanied her, he induced her to descend into the cave with him by means of a rope ladder, with a view of examining it. He was the first to ascend to the surface, and withdrawing the ladder, left her. She was kept regularly supplied with food and clothing. At her father's death, her sister, whose hatred toward the Austrians was equally great, continued the imprisonment. The unfortunate woman, on her liberation, had a complexion of death-like pallor, caused by the darkness in which she had long lived, and her voice had departed through constant cries, during the early part of her sequestration, for help. She could speak only in a hoarse whisper.

A woman out on North Hill, being "counted out" the other morning after a debate on the question, "Who shall rise and build the fire?" got up and split her husband's wooden leg to kindling-wood, and broiled his steak with it. It made him so mad that he got hold of her false teeth and bit the dog with them. She cried until she had a fit of hysterics, and then filled up her glass eye and climbed upon the bed-post and waxed the glaring eye to the ceiling with a quid of chewing gum. Then he took her wisp of false hair and tied it to a stick and began whitewashing the kitchen with it. Then she started off to obtain a divorce, but Judge Newland decided that he couldn't grant a divorce unless there were two parties to the suit, and there was hardly enough left of them to make one. —[Hawkeye].

A New York girl sang, "Darling, I am growing old," with an expression so pertinent and truthful, that her prostrating lover left her for good.

At an exhibition of toughened glass at the factory in Brooklyn, L. I., a few days since Mr. Bastic drove a six penny nail its whole length into a plank, using a toughened lamp chimney as a hammer. One of the visitors was allowed to make a similar experiment with another chimney taken from a pile of the same ware with the same result. A glass plate made of the same material was allowed to fall from the height of a man's head, and did not break. Window glass is now being made in the same way.

ANGER.—Let us ever remember that passion has a direct tendency to trouble the understanding and darken the mind. The fumes which arise from the heart boiling with anger cloud reason. Nothing is in reality what it appears to be in that unhappy moment. Perhaps no two persons can differ more from each other than the same man differs from himself when heated with anger, and when calm and composed. Correct conclusions are rarely arrived at under the influence of passion.

Prince Antoine Bonaparte, nephew of Napoleon I, is dead.

A criminal lately gave to a reporter of the New York *Journal* the following mode of introducing powder within a safe for the purpose of blowing open the doors.

"What tools did you use in drilling the holes?" asked the reporter.

"Good crackmen don't use tools."

"Good crackmen don't use tools," answered the burglar. "I'll show you how to blow open any safe in New York without any tools. Just take me to a safe."

There happened to be a safe in Judge Kilbourn's private room, and the writer acquainted the magistrate with the prisoner's proposal.

"By all means," said he, "let us learn; and in a moment the room was filled with spectators.

The prisoner knelt beside the safe, which was locked. "Look," said he, "at this door. It fits so tightly that no instrument can be introduced in the cracks and powder cannot be inserted. So far so good. The burglar," continued he, "simply sticks putty all along the cracks except in two places, one at the top of the door and one at the bottom, where he leaves about an inch of space uncovered by the putty. At the lower place he puts the air from the upper place, either by a suction pump, which is the best way, or by his mouth. The vacuum created in the safe draws in the powder through the small crack below. There is no reason why the young men of this Christian land should not be as virtuous as its young women; and if the loss of your society and love be the price they are forced to pay for vice, they will not pay it. I admit with sadness that not all of our young women are capable of this high standard for themselves or others, but I believe there are enough earnest, thoughtful girls in the society of our country to work wonders if faithfully aroused."

A Mississippi Officer.

A queerly matched couple were seen at Newark, New Jersey, last night, in a handsome young white woman, daughter of a Mississippi planter named Debezon, and worth \$175,000 in her own right, and her black husband. The negro was formerly a slave on her father's plantation, and he saved her life at a steamboat explosion by putting her on his back and swimming ashore, though one arm was shattered. He became the family pet, and the little girl taught him, to read, then mathematics and French. He became an accomplished gentleman, and when the girl grew up she fell in love with him. Mr. Debezon, who is a prominent Democrat, of course opposed the match, and the couple ran away and are now spending their honeymoon at the North.

Any Way to Butt.

"Now, then, state your case," said a Detroit lawyer the other day, as he beat away the five dollar bill in his vest pocket.

"Well," began his client, "suppose the man living next door wants to put a barn right up against my line coming nearly within two feet of my house?"

"He can't do it, sir; can't do any such thing," replied the lawyer.

"But I want to put my barn right up against his line," remarked the client.

"Oh—ah—yes, I see. Why sir, go right ahead and put your barn there. All the law in the case is on your side." —[Free Press].

Now The Orders Went.

This is the way it goes through the "ordinary channels," otherwise the circumlocution office: Hayes to McCrary, "Bounce the boys in blue from the Columbia State House." McCrary to Sherman, "See that the soldiers get out of the South Carolina State House." Sherman to Hancock, "Let the bayonets be withdrawn." Hancock to Ruge, "March 'em out." Ruge to Captain —, "Git." Captain — to Corporal —, "Skedadd." Corporal — to the army of occupation, "Fall in, right face, forward, file right, march!" —[Chicago Times].

The Contagion of Typhoid Fever.

The question of the contagion of typhoid fever has been examined by M. Guerin by the experimental method. He injected into a number of rabbits fecal matter from typhoid subjects, and he finds it has a poisonous principle, at leaving the system, capable of producing death. Various other excretions products of persons, such as mucus, typhoid fever, etc., have likewise this poisonous property, which is retained for several months. It is absent from the fecal matter of healthy subjects.

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# The Interior Journal.

STANFORD, KY.  
Friday Morning, April 27, 1877.  
W. P. WALTON, Prop.

DEATH OF OUR MOTHER.—In our last week's issue, we mentioned the fact of the serious illness of our mother, and that we had gone, in obedience to a telegram to her home near Richmond, Virginia. Shocked as we were at this telegram, we were doomed to a greater and more enduring pain by another telegram received while we were on the way, informing us that she was dead. Yet, the best and dearest mother that ever blessed and watched over the destiny of a wayward child has been called to her reward and left us a corroding sorrow for her loss. A lifetime of earnest piety and sacrifices for others had prepared her for the summons, and she went hence with but one regret, that of parting from her family whom she loved and was loved by so tenderly and fondly. She is safe now in the Kingdom of Heaven, and it behooves us, who are left to grieve for her, to imitate her bright and loving example and strive to meet her where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are eternally at rest."

AFFAIRS IN LOUISIANA.—We are not of the number of those that would fall down and worship President Hayes, but we are disposed to give him credit for every good thing he does. His policy toward the South has had the effect of producing a decidedly good feeling toward him by Democrats and honest men generally. His last order for the withdrawal of troops from Louisiana, has met with universal exhibition of enthusiasm throughout the South. The people of that unfortunate and oppressed State are again free, and the flag of our common country floats over it, not as a province, but as a State, redeemed from radical rule and tyranny. The order was carried into effect last Tuesday by the quiet withdrawal of the troops. There was no demonstration by the citizens, every one seeming determined to carry out in good faith the promise of their deliverer, the great and good Governor Nicholls. Most of the Legislators that upheld the Packard usurpation who have any claim to their offices, have gone over to the Democratic Legislature, and on Wednesday, Judge H. M. Spofford, the choice of the Democratic caucus was elected United States Senator by 140 to 12. Packard will do as Chamberlain did, leave the State that he has tried so hard to ruin and take himself to some quiet nook, and it is hoped, hang himself. The war that was commenced in 1861, has at last been brought to an end and each one of the thirty-eight States are to-day, unfeated, and free from the foot of oppression. Verily, the clouds that have so long hovered over the prosperity of our country are vanished, and prosperity and peace are assured and certain.

The inevitable and long threatened European war has at last been commenced by the invasion of the Russian army into Turkey by order of the authorities, which was given by Alexander in these words: "Invoking the blessings of God upon our valiant armies we give the order to cross the Turkish frontier." It is expected that the war will become general and that while the Europeans are getting shot down and wives and children are cast upon the friendless world, to starve and die, we of America, will profit by their misfortunes, and grow rich on their necessities. Already provisions of every kind have gone up and are still advancing, and the prospect of a revival in trade and an era of general good fortune is promised for the whole land.

Mon. Thomas H. Shanks.

Thomas H. Shanks, whose death occurred on Sunday morning last, was born in Lincoln county, on the 15th day of February, 1841. His family is one of the most respectable of the old families of Central Kentucky. His father, Wm. Shanks, was the youngest son of Wm. Shanks, one of the earliest pioneer settlers of Lincoln county, and Sarah A. Hanley, both descended from Virginia ancestry. His mother, Rebecca Baumhamer, was a daughter of Henry Baumhamer and Patience Owsley, a sister of Ex-Governor Wm. Owsley.

The father of the subject of this sketch, was a man of great force of character, fine native intelligence and honorable reputation. He inherited a comfortable property, and lived until within a few years of his death, upon his paternal estate, and gave his son Thomas, the youngest of five sons, such advantages as his fortune and social position enabled him.

Thomas H. Shanks passed the first fifteen years of his life continuously in Lincoln county, and until this age, attended the common schools of his neighborhood, and the male seminary of Stanford, at which he progressed rapidly in his studies, and at this early age gave evidences by his conduct, of a manly, generous, fearless and enterprising disposition, for which he was distinguished throughout his life.

The Mountain Echo is informed that what we said about it, was for its own good and not through malice. But since our gratuitous advice is likely not to be taken, we abandon it to the evils of its own choosing. We will say, however, that boys should not get mad when older people are kind enough to advise them.

The Shelley Democrat has been reviewed by Mr. Will S. Marshall, Jr., who, in a brief but business-like Summary, asks the patronage of the public. We trust it will be liberally extended as judging from the initial number, it will be worthily bestowed.

W. O. CUNNINGHAM, Esq., editor of the Springfield Herald, has announced himself a candidate for the Legislature. Bad business old fellow, You had better stick to your paper and write love poetry as formerly, if you wish to be happy.

THE C. S. R. R. bridge over the Kentucky river has been finally tested, with the most satisfactory results. A million and eighty-two thousand pounds were thrown on it at one time, but no motion of the grand structure was noticeable. A great crowd, among whom was many prominent men from this and other States witnessed the test, and the enthusiasm was unbounded. The bridge is 1125 feet long, 275 feet high, and cost \$40,000. It has the distinction of being the highest bridge in the world.

AT a Convention of the young men of Simpson county, held at Franklin last week, resolutions of approval of the course of Hon. G. W. Milliken, their former representative in Congress, were adopted with a recommendation that his ability and worth be recognized by a seat in the next Senate.

## ROCKCASTLE COUNTY NEWS.

Mr. Vernon.

APRIL 26th, 1877.

Has Hayes any party?

"The iron heel" of the carpet-bagger no longer grinds the bleeding neck of Louisiana.

There will be services at the church next Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, by Elder O. T. Ashby.

The exercises in the Sunday school begin promptly at 6:30 o'clock. Let everybody try to be there at that time.

A slow rain is falling this morning. We don't need it, and are therefore sorry to see it. We should greatly prefer a continuance of the pleasant weather, with which we have been blessed during the past several days.

The Democratic Committee has called a primary election to be held in this District, Saturday, the 19th day of May, to settle the conflicting claims of the candidates for Senatorial honors. We say the Committee called this election, but it may— we are not positive—it may have been called by the editor of the Richmond Register.

We are a decided lover of justice; we try to see justice administered to all alike, without regard to "age, sex or previous, &c." Therefore it is that we denounce the criticisms of the Debating Club, made by "Dickie Row" in the last issue of the London Echo. He ought not to have failed to mention that one of our most prominent and popular speakers connected with the Society is Prof. J. L. Whitehead.

Mr. R. J. White, of Madison county, a candidate for the Senate in this District, has been spending several days in our village. We think the impression he has made upon our people is quite a favorable one. In fact, we know it is so. Mr. White is a good Democrat, and at the same time a most estimable gentleman. In the event that he is declared the nominee of the party, we shall support him cheerfully, though we will not be any the less sincere in our opinion that the nominee ought to "hail from Rockcastle."

The last of the troops have been removed, and the days of the jolly carpet-baggers are over, we live once more in a free and united country. The struggle between the sections was long and fierce and bitter, yet not half so long as the time required to convince the North that the South accepted the situation. Now will begin an era of good feeling, and with it we hope will come prosperity. The future of this country is a glorious one, if the people will it to be so. Let us be up and doing, is the watchword.

Circuit Court convened at this place last Monday, his Honor, W. H. Randall on the bench, and that polite and amiable Commonwealth's Attorney, James H. Tinsley, at his place. The time of the court has thus been occupied in the trial of criminal causes, most of them for misdemeanors. Only one felony case—that against J. G. Gibbs, for forgery, has been tried, in which the jury returned a verdict of guilty, and fixed the punishment of the defendant at two years confinement in the Penitentiary. In the case of the Commonwealth vs F. M. Gibbs, for grand larceny, the indictment was dismissed, and the matter referred to the present grand jury for investigation. Judge Randall, always noted for his dispatch of business, is now well up with his docket. The grand jury in arduous session will carefully inspect the evil doings in the county during the past six months. Among the visiting Attorneys present yesterday, we noticed F. B. McCay, of Barboursville; F. B. Holman, of Manchester; Judge Pearl, of London, and W. O. Bradley, of Lancaster.

QUITO.

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In 1862, he was appointed to a cadetship in the United States Military Academy, at West Point, and for about ten months was a student in that institution.

Tiring, however, of the restraints and labor necessary to a severe military training, which strained to the utmost his delicate constitution, he resigned, returned to Kentucky, and became a student at Centre College, Danville, where he remained one year.

Leaving this institution, he commenced the study of law at Stanford, where he remained until the breaking out of the civil war.

In May, 1861, in company with about twenty other young men of his county, he went to Virginia and enlisted in the Confederate Army.

While there, in company with W. P. Crow, now deceased, he won the honor of making a capture of the first prisoner who

bore a commission, for which, he was highly complimented by the Southern papers for his enterprise and daring. He served with credit during the campaign of 1861, in Virginia, and participated in the battle of Bull Run, and other minor engagements.

In the latter part of the year, his term of service having expired, he came to Southern Kentucky and enlisted in the partisan cavalry of Gen. John H. Morgan, whose brilliant career was then attracting to his standard the most chivalrous young men of the State. In this dashing command he served with great credit, participating in many battles, skirmishes, raids and daring enterprises, receiving a severe wound at Cynthiana, in Kentucky, during Morgan's famous Summer raid of 1862. During the expedition of Gen. Bragg to Kentucky, in 1862, he was authorized to recruit a company of cavalry, which he readily accomplished, and his company was assigned to duty as company B of the 7th regiment of Kentucky cavalry, commanded by Col. J. W. Grigsby, with which he participated in the battle of Perryville, in the division of Gen. Wheeler, where he did good service, keeping his men well together under a heavy fire, when they had been only a few days in the service. During the fall of 1862, and winter of 1862-3, he served with his regiment in the brigade of Gen. Abe Buford of Gen. Wheeler's division, and was engaged at the battle of Murfreesboro, and in numerous skirmishes and scouts, and while acting in the last capacity, was surprised and taken prisoner. Being in a short time exchanged, he rejoined his regiment in June 1863, on the Cumberland river, in Kentucky, it having been, during the time, he was a prisoner, transferred to the division of Gen. Morgan. He accompanied the expedition of Gen. Morgan to Kentucky, Indiana and Ohio, during the month of July, 1863, and rendered meritorious service in every position assigned him. At the battle of Buffington Island, Ohio, in which the raiding force of Gen. Morgan was greatly outnumbered and signally defeated, he behaved with conspicuous gallantry and cool courage, which did much to prevent the capture of the whole division, and prolonged Morgan's hopeless efforts to escape for some days longer. On the next day, however, he was captured with the whole of his company at Cheshire, Ohio, which ended his military service, Morgan's whole command being kept in prison until near the close of the war.

By a piece of well devised strategy and masterly coolness, he effected his escape from prison in March, 1865, and was assigned to duty, but was engaged in an important military service. His command was disbanded at Woodstock, Ga., in May, 1865. Returning to Kentucky, he engaged in the business of farming and stock trading, and was eminently successful. But owing to his liberal disposition and profuse generosity, he never accumulated a fortune. He took an active and intelligent part in politics, and in 1875, was elected a member of the Lower House of the General Assembly, after a memorable contest, in which he was victorious by a handsome majority, and while in that body served as Chairman of the committee on Military Affairs, and held the second position on the most important house committee, to-wit: The committee of Ways and Means. During the last year of his life his health had perceptibly declined, and he was finally stricken down with an illness considered trivial at first, but which finally terminated in a congestive chill and almost immediate death.

Thomas H. Shanks was a man of many noble and generous qualities. He was eminently magnanimous. He bore no malice toward his enemies, and stood steadily by his friends to the last. His courage was proverbial, and though slow to engage in quarrels, when aroused he became at once a vigorous and dangerous foe. He had a happy faculty of accommodating himself to all classes of people, and all ranks sought his friendship and obtained it. He was liberal to a fault, giving with a lavish hand and having no power to say no, to any cry for assistance. His executive capacity was really wonderful, and his energy and endurance, notwithstanding a delicate constitution, were surprising. He was fastidiously honorable. He made friends and held them without effort or art, and with an apparent indifference to popular applause. His mind was of rare excellence and his judgment cool, penetrating and correct. But his most noticeable characteristic was his extraordinary unselfishness. He was careless of himself, and totally indifferent to display. His acquaintance was of wide range and men did not forget him. He never closed his doors against any man, and wherever he went he found a door open for himself and a hospitable board and hearty welcome within. His faults were those of a generous and manly nature and amply stoned for by the virtues which he had inadequately attempted to portray. Brave, generous, faithful, honorable, his death leaves a void in the county which will not readily be filled. "After life's fitful fever may be sleep well."

Believing Vidente to be one of the best harness horses in Kentucky, if not the best, I offer his services for the year to the people of Lincoln and adjacent counties, and am anxious to give satisfaction in every call. I ask a liberal payment for services rendered.

This horse has been shown in St. Louis, Indianapolis, and at all the principal fairs in Kentucky, and has always been successful.

He is a black, 15½ hands high, fine form, and is 3 years old.

He was bred by George Hunt, by Foreign, and out of a Cherokee mare.

Believe me, I am a sincere admirer of this horse.

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# The Interior Journal.

STANFORD, KY..

Friday Morning, April 27, 1877.

## BUSINESS NOTICES.

VISITING CARD—See *Frank Leslie's* office.

Go to Bohon & Stagg's for your fishing tackle.

Henry Husing has fresh Lager Beer and good Ale.

TOILET SOAPS—A large and new supply at Anderson & McRoberts'.

For Pure White Lead, and Oil, very cheap—call on Anderson & McRoberts.

J. H. & S. H. Shanks will trade goods for anything from a goat to an elephant.

Go to Anderson & McRoberts for all kinds and colors of Extra Mixed Paints.

Best Brand of Chewing Tobacco—R. F. Gravely—is sold by Anderson & McRoberts.

Wm. Younger & Co.'s India Pale Ale for delicate persons at Anderson & McRoberts'.

WHITE'S Hog and Chicken Cholera Medicine will cure. Call at Anderson & McRoberts'.

SAVE YOUR EYES. Buy a pair of *Leersius & Morris'* perfected Spectacles, at E. R. Chenua's.

WANTED.—To exchange our \$12,000 worth of goods for greenbacks. J. H. & S. H. Shanks.

PHYSICIANS' prescriptions and Pharmaceutical preparations, a specialty at E. R. Chenua's.

ANDERSON & McROBERTS have just received a superior lot of Pistols, Cartridges and Cutlery.

If you want a good clock, you can find it at Chenua's, at city prices. Warranted twelve months.

A handsome stock of every thing in the Jewelry line, at E. R. Chenua's, at less than city prices.

A pure article of Apple Brandy for medicinal purposes for sale by T. S. Elkin, at the Commercial Hotel Bar.

Twenty-five sets of Croquet at 85cts, \$1.25; \$1.50; \$2 and \$3. Call and see. Anderson & McRoberts.

Buy Your Drugs, Patent Medicines, Paints, White Lead, Oils, Dry-Stuff, School Books, Stationery, &c., at E. R. Chenua's.

The handsomest lot of Frames ever brought to this market have just been received at the new Picture Gallery on Main Street.

Farmers and Gardeners will now find a choice lot of Plants, of all kinds at the West Avenue Plant Garden, Stanford, Ky. A. F. MERRIMAN, Jr.

MCGOWRICK MACHINES.—All who sow and expect to reap, should examine our new Machines before contracting for any other.

FAIRGAINS easily obtained by going to the great Clothing House of J. Winter & Co., Louisville. A visit through their magnificient establishment will repay you.

THE FIRST OF THE SEASON—Ice-Cold SODA WATER, at 5 cents a glass—6 glasses for 25 cents, 12 glasses for 50 cents, from the fine Fountain at Anderson & McRoberts, is now very palatable.

NOTICE—What the people say about the Richmond, Indiana, Plow. Go to Smith & Miller and get one. They are continually supplied. They guarantee to effectually supply in any place they are tried.

S. N. MATHENY, the best Merchant Tailor in Central Kentucky, has on hand, and is constantly receiving a splendid stock of goods for Spring and Summer wear, which works the best material and, always guarantees a good fit.

FOR a Cheap Business Suit, a fine dress Suit, a Wedding Suit, leave your measure at the Merchant Tailor Establishment of J. Winter & Co., cor. 3d and Market, Louisville. A good fit guaranteed, and sold at prices to command your attention.

THE CLERK of the rearing Board of Town Trustees, has posted statements at several public places, giving the financial condition of the town. The statements show that there is cash in the hands of the Treasurer to the amount of \$204.58 and that there are other assets, in the way of unpaid taxes and real estate amounting to \$1,037.48. This is a pretty good showing for a Board that had the reputation of being salary grubbers.

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STANFORD, K.Y.

Friday Morning, April 27, 1877.

Cecile.

"Ten years' imprisonment!"

The handsome face of the prisoner flushed, and grew deathly pale, as he turned his blazing eyes on Judge Carroll.

"Ten years' imprisonment!" he repeated, "and then, James Carroll, be ware!"

Two days later, in his dreary cell, the wife of Reede Hamilton knelt by his side.

"You terrify me, Reede," she cried; "it is fearful to cherish such hatred towards any man."

"Hush, Mildred; he deserves it. Because I struck his brother, who insulted me, he discharged me from the mill; knowing well I could get no other work just then."

"But Arthur Carroll was drunk then, Reede."

"Drunk then. Mildred; but he always disliked me, even in our boyhood; if he happened to be drunk that time, he has often insulted me in his sober sense, and when provoked beyond measure, I lifted my hand; I was turned out of his brother's mill—then, when penniless, I almost begged for my place again; I was ordered out, and meeting the author of all my trouble, do you wonder hard words ensued, ending in blows?"

"God knows there was no justice in trying me for assault with intent to kill; it was simply a fair fight, but I was the stronger man of the two and maddened by the wrong done me."

Mildred Hamilton was far from being a wicked woman, and yet, through love for her husband, she listened to his plans.

Refusing at first, she at last consented; gave her promise to do all that he wished her.

Ten years passed away, and the handsome prisoner who had tried to murder Arthur Carroll was completely forgotten.

Sometimes a vague memory of him would pass through Judge Carroll's mind.

"I should think he had more cause for hatred towards Arthur than towards me," the Judge thought, "what should I have done but discharge him for striking my brother; what should I have done but sentence him to the highest penalty the law allows, for his cowardly attempt to murder afterwards."

Ten years had passed, and in an elegantly furnished room a girl stood leaning against the window.

She was very beautiful, with delicate features, dense black eyes, shaded with heavy silken lashes, with delicately penciled eyebrows, low, broad forehead, and exquisitely curved, crimson lips.

Her dress, of some delicate, lustrous stuff, fell in soft folds around her, and creamy lace encircled her throat and wrists, and a few moss rosebuds clustered low amid her glittering, chestnut hair.

Yes, Cecile Davenport was a beauty, and by right of that beauty, reigned queen among the many fair women who made bright the Ocean Hotel at beautiful Long Branch.

Who she was, or what she was, no one knew save that she was rarely beautiful, high-bred and easy in her manner, and had come to Long Branch with her mother, a fair, pale lady, wearing the robes of widowhood.

Among all the lovers her beauty won her, Cecile was kindest of all to Victor Carroll, son and heir of Judge Carroll, the great mill owner.

On him her sweetest smiles were lavished, at his approach the beautiful eyes drooped, the red lips spoke words of welcome.

Victor Carroll stood before her now, and pleaded for her love.

"I love you, Cecile," he said, "tell me, darling, may I hope? Cecile, will you be my wife?"

The girl's face flushed, and a soft light came into her eyes.

"You will be my wife, Cecile?" he repeated.

Soft and low came her answer— "Yes, Victor, I will be your wife."

"Then you love me, my darling," he said, his brown eyes glowing, and Cecile made no answer, when he drew her to him, and kissed her beautiful lips.

Cecile married Victor Carroll, and after the marriage, but not till then, Victor told his father of his beautiful Cecile.

Judge Carroll was a proud man, and his son's marriage with a girl whom no one knew was a great blow to him; but Cecile's pale mother told him a tale he could not disapprove, and as long as they were married, there was no remedy.

No matter, Cecile was fair and pure, and according to her mother's story, of at least respectable birth, and the old Judge yielded with the greatest possible grace, and gave a reception in honor of his new daughter-in-law.

The evening of the reception came, and Cecile stood beside her husband, at the upper end of the room.

Her dress was of pale amethyst silk, with clouds of silvery grey tissue, float

ing over it a bunch of gold-hearted, purple pansies, clustered at her throat and trailed down the front of her dress, her bare white arms gleamed from beneath the silken tissue, and were clasped with broad bands of gold, set with amethysts.

Her hair was brushed back from her low, white brow, and fastened with a bunch of the same great, gold-hearted flowers, she wore at her throat.

Her husband watched her with passionate love glowing in his eyes. His beautiful wife was more to him than all else in life.

"My darling," he whispered, "in all the room, there is none so fair as you. Oh, my love! how did I come to win you?"

A strange smile passed over Cecile's face.

"Are you so happy, Victor?" she said, "and do you love me so well?"

"I love you so well, darling, that life without you would be worse than death to me!"

He was so handsome then, in his strong, young manhood, that his wife's heart went out to him, with a wild, yearning pain, went out with a love she scarcely knew the depth of before.

Her face grew strangely pale, and a look of intense pain came into her eyes, and the flowers at her throat seemed to smother her, with their faint, sweet perfume.

"I wish to speak to mother, Victor," she said, as Mrs. Davenport passed them; "you will please excuse my absence for a moment."

Mrs. Davenport was in the corridor when Cecile overtook her.

"I wish to speak to you a moment, mother," she said, drawing her into the nearest room.

On it, Cecile sank on her knees.

"Mother! mother!" she sobbed, "can we not keep the story from them—must my—my father have his revenge? Oh! mother, was it wrong? Why did you not tell me of it before I became Victor Carroll's wife?"

Victor said, but his face was strangely grave, for the shadow of death was in the room, though Victor's fair young wife was not a convict's daughter, Reede Hamilton had his revenge, for old Judge Carroll had his death.

"I forgive you every thing," Cecile answered, "for it has not proved to me the depth of my husband's love?" and she glanced shyly at Victor.

"Did you ever doubt it, Cecile?"

Victor said, but his face was strange-ly grave, for the shadow of death was in the room, though Victor's fair young wife was not a convict's daughter, Reede Hamilton had his revenge, for old Judge Carroll had his death.

"Cecile," her mother said, looking down at the weeping girl, "you have learned to love your husband passionately since your marriage. Is it not so?"

Cecile raised her passion-stirred face.

"It is so," she said. "Oh, mother, I love him, and the moment he knows the truth my heart will break."

She had risen from her knees while speaking, and stood with her hands clasped tightly together.

"I did belong to the Pittsburgh, but I can not say that I am attached to any particular conference."

"What did you say your name was?"

"Simpson."

"Simpson! Not Bishop Simpson?"

"Why, they call me bishop sometimes."

"It cannot be averted," said a voice at the door, and a tall, stately man came forward.

"You told me to be shown up here, Mildred," he said, bowing first to Mrs. Davenport, then to Cecile.

The girl turned towards him. "Father," was all she said.

"Come, Cecile," he said, and her face grew white as a snowdrift, and all the light seemed to fade from her beautiful eyes.

An old farmer once said to that he would not have a hired man on his farm who did not habitually whistle. He always hired whistlers. He said he never knew a whistling laborer to find fault with his food, his bed, or complain of any little extra work he was asked to perform. Such a man was generally kind to children and to animals in his care. He would whistle a chilled lamb into warmth and life, and would bring in a batch of eggs from the barn without breaking one of them. He found such a man more careful about closing gates, putting up bars, and seeing that the tools on his plow were all properly tightened before he took it into the field. He never knew a whistling hired man to kick or beat a cow, nor drive her on a run in, as to the battle. He had noticed that the sheep he fed in the yard and she'd gathered around as he whistled without fear. He never had employed a whistler who was not thoughtful and economical. It affords a means of one so enterprising himself that he need never be without company when he can whistle.

A young man from the west, said to that he would not have a hired man on his farm who did not habitually whistle. He always hired whistlers. He said he never knew a whistling laborer to find fault with his food, his bed, or complain of any little extra work he was asked to perform. Such a man was generally kind to children and to animals in his care. He would whistle a chilled lamb into warmth and life, and would bring in a batch of eggs from the barn without breaking one of them. He found such a man more careful about closing gates, putting up bars, and seeing that the tools on his plow were all properly tightened before he took it into the field. He never knew a whistling hired man to kick or beat a cow, nor drive her on a run in, as to the battle. He had noticed that the sheep he fed in the yard and she'd gathered around as he whistled without fear. He never had employed a whistler who was not thoughtful and economical. It affords a means of one so enterprising himself that he need never be without company when he can whistle.

"Cecile!" he cried, frightened by the whiteness of her face.

Judge Carroll came over, his eyes resting half questioningly on the face of Cecile's father.

"Judge Carroll," Cecile's clear young voice said, "this is my father."

"Your father, Cecile, I thought."

"Yes, your father," said the man, stepping forward, "an old friend of yours, Judge. Do you completely forget?"

A young man from the west, said to that he would not have a hired man on his farm who did not habitually whistle. He always hired whistlers. He said he never knew a whistling laborer to find fault with his food, his bed, or complain of any little extra work he was asked to perform. Such a man was generally kind to children and to animals in his care. He would whistle a chilled lamb into warmth and life, and would bring in a batch of eggs from the barn without breaking one of them. He found such a man more careful about closing gates, putting up bars, and seeing that the tools on his plow were all properly tightened before he took it into the field. He never knew a whistling hired man to kick or beat a cow, nor drive her on a run in, as to the battle. He had noticed that the sheep he fed in the yard and she'd gathered around as he whistled without fear. He never had employed a whistler who was not thoughtful and economical. It affords a means of one so enterprising himself that he need never be without company when he can whistle.

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